Miss Mary Barrows
Norwich

The Wellesley Prelude.

VOLUME I.—No. 17.

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THE WELLESLEY PRELUDE.

VOL. I. WELLESLEY COLLEGE, FEBRUARY 8, 1890. No. 17

The Wellesley Prelude.

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EDITH S. TUFTS, '84.

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THE PRELUDE is no longer an experiment. Our paper has been in existence almost two years, and the time has arrived when the size and influence of the college and the needs of the students demand a paper which will represent us fully and truthfully in the realm of the college-world.

Our college is making rapid strides in every department and the present condition of things is almost without an exception an improvement over the past, yet we often hear students comparing the more elaborate attempt of this year, with the *Courant* of last year, and the majority of the remarks is deprecatory to the PRELUDE. Comparisons are odious in themselves, and moreover there should be no need of comparison.

The students find the PRELUDE uninteresting. Is college life uninteresting? No! a thousand times no! Then why should the college paper, the true exponent of the college life, be uninteresting? The most evident cause of the failure seems to many people to be the restrictions which are put upon the freedom of the press. The contributions offered must all breathe one spirit or they are deemed too light, and while there is not a student in Wellesley who would have the PRELUDE lose one iota of its scholarly air, yet would we not all have it breathe a little more of the spirit of fun and youth and jolly good-fellowship as well?

We did not originally intend to make a literary journal of it. The college reading-room and library supply these; but what we do want and what no reading-room can supply, is our own college paper, where the true life of the college is represented and where the serious but interesting articles are offset by the witty and amusing ones.

There is evidently such a thing as too great freedom of the press. But is this a danger which would in any way apply to Wellesley? Are not her students too jealous of the honor and dignity of the college to contribute articles which would in any way injure her reputation in the collegiate world.

Wellesley has every opportunity if she will but use her advantages, and it is the duty of the Wellesley girl to see that her paper is not hindered from becoming popular through lack of freedom of the press, or for any other reason, and that the organ of one of the womanliest and broadest of colleges be not considered girlish or narrow.

S. T. & H. C.

DRIFTING.

A line of azure blue, edged with pure gold;
A gleam where sky and sea meet brow to brow;
A deepening canopy fleckéd with clouds white,
Shining like pearly wings that angels fold,
Hovering o'er crests of purpling waves below,
Majestic, wreathed with spray of diamond light,
Or rainbows scintillating in their airy flight.
A white ship floating on the ocean's breast,
Swan-like in grace, and proud in beauty's form,
With sails half-furled like hopes in time of ease,
And drifting in a pose of quiet rest
Unbroken dismally by cruel storm,
But lingering ever in a clime of peace
Where sunshine never fails, nor calm winds cease.

B. W.

A LOVE-MESSAGE.

Upon the day I meet thee face to face
  I shall have much to tell thee, for my part;
And thou, dear love, with wise and tender grace
  Will listen to the story of my heart.

I shall not speak of countless ages past,
  Of stars and planets where I sought in vain
My song amid their music sweet and vast,
  And missed it with a subtle sense of pain.

I shall not tell thee how it fled from me
  Through births and deaths and spaces lone and far,
And evermore through Being's tidal sea
  I followed still my song's on-beck'ning star.

I shall not tell thee e'en one word of this—
  Perhaps in mine own self I shall not know,
Such pain will flee for aye at thy first kiss,
  As summer's sunshine melts the weeping snow.

But I shall sing my song, mine own true song—
  My heart shall sing it at the sight of thee,
Until the list'ning angels nearer throng,
  And pause in hushed and silent ecstacy.

Lillian Corbett Barnes, '91.

PHILOSOPHY.

The PRELUDE has asked, "What have you yourself gained from the study of Philosophy?" Anyone can readily see that an answer to this question cannot begin to recount all the advantages to be derived from Philosophy. If the PRELUDE asks 'what have *you* gained?' a simple answer can only give the experience of one person. And it is also only fair to bear in mind that the response gives the experience of one who has only begun the study of Philosophy and has only begun to realize the advantages of such study. But though the advantages that I acknowledge are so small a fraction of what may be gained by others and by further study, there is yet one reason why they may be recounted to those who are discussing electives for next year,—they are what any student may gain from the courses offered her at Wellesley. So much, at least, she may gain from Philosophy. And if she has any interest in Philosophy she will learn from those now teaching and studying at Wellesley how much more the work may bring her. I am sure they will subtract nothing, however much each may add to this account.

First, I owe to Philosophy a new understanding of all the work that had gone before. Every study had pointed toward Philosophy. Every branch of science suggested questions that could not be forgotten, though questions that did not belong to the domain of science. They were not to be lightly put aside for they were too profoundly practical. It became clear that they lay at the foundation of all belief, knowledge, and action. What was the basis of all this, and what the aim of it all? The foundation of knowledge and the grand plan showing the true relation of all that seemed so disconnected and inharmonious could be found nowhere but in Philosophy. All this cannot be grasped in a few years' study anywhere, of course. But that which is most important, the corner-stone of the foundation, can be revealed. As we came out of class one day last year a student, who had entered upon a course with more anxiety than hope, said very seriously: "This morning, for the first time in my life, I *know* something." That expression I echo as I think of what I, too, owe to Philosophy.

Then came the work of building on this foundation. In the grand plan Literature, Art, Music, History, Social Science, Natural Science, Ethies, Theology, all had their true places. Some glimpse of the relation of one to another I owe to Philosophy. Whatever I had learned before became of new value, for it was now to be treasured, not only for its own sake, but also for its relation to other knowledge, because there was nothing so small and despised that it could not, sooner or later, reveal the working of the universal plan. What had already been interesting became more so. Philosophy inspired a reverence for other work. I cannot attempt to tell of how constantly it deepens my delight in reading the master pieces of our literature, of the greatness of its influence as I read or hear of events in the present or the past. The study of Science grows more fascinating; Art and Music have a profounder effect; and so the list of benefits might be greatly extended.

Not only did Philosophy bind together all the earlier work, increase its value, and give to work a new purpose; it also gave new power of working. It has at least partly shown how new work is to be entered upon, and the purpose being understood the whole grows simpler. Philosophy makes work more helpful. While we often hear that one study

helps all others I had never realized this in my own life until the most opposite studies were connected through Philosophy. It is most cheering to know and feel that while working in one branch we are not utterly cutting ourselves off from all other studies, but that work in one line helps all others. And if it is true that all are mutually helpful, the very fact that we owe the discovery of this truth to Philosophy supports my belief that no one is so helpful to all as is Philosophy.

But I can give no real idea of what I know that I owe to Philosophy without speaking of more than its influence on the different branches in the college curriculum. Philosophy, as it is taught at Wellesley, must have an incalculable influence upon a student's life out of class as well as in class. It must develope her,—heart, mind, and soul. Like others I was fearful that the study would destroy some cherished belief. If a belief was false I wanted to know it, but I supposed that it would be resigned with a sense of loss and pain. And instead, Philosophy has brought great joy into life. It has had so immeasurable an influence upon the very deepest and most sacred thought and feeling that Philosophy itself is now a sacred term. When anxieties within one's own mind and the doubts, suffering, and sin without are felt, then what Philosophy can give is sorely needed. Among such deadening influences it can quicken hope and faith and love, it brings strengh and patience and happiness. Every other study has brought some new and keen delights, but Philosophy has brought the deepest and most constant happiness. Life has a higher, nobler meaning; Philosophy lifts it out of times of discouragement and disloyalty. I cannot begin to tell what Philosophy makes of life. Some one else must do that. In a true account of what I owe to Philosophy every word would flame with grateful enthusiasm. Such words would be a glad recognition, and the only fitting recognition, of the riches which I, as one among many, many others, shall always hold as a priceless gift from Wellesley's courses of Philosophy and Wellesley's Philosophers.

A NEW PICTURE.

Last June the Philosophy Club of the class of '89 presented to the College a large German photograph of Gebhardt's painting of *Loki and Sigyn*. The picture has since then been framed by the same club, and has been hung in the third floor, south centre. It is thus appropriately brought into connection with the illustrations of the *Nibelungen Lied*.

Information about the artist and the picture is difficult to obtain. It would appear that the artist, Karl Edouard von Gebhardt, is about fifty years of age, and that his reputation, which rests chiefly on his religious pictures, has been steadily growing. After looking at the *Loki and Sigyn* no one can be surprised to learn that he regards his calling as sacred and does all his work as an act of religious devotion. This painting is perhaps one of his comparatively recent works. Possibly some of our foreign travellers can tell us where the original is to be found.

It is impossible here to give a full account of the myth of Loki. It is beautifully told in Bulfinch's *Age of Fable*. To explain the profound symbolism of the myth would carry us still further beyond the bounds of this paper. A brief presentation of such points as may serve to render the picture intelligible must suffice.

Loki, the embodiment of fire, appears in a double character, sometimes as a god, sometimes as a giant who has thrust himself among the gods. It is in this latter character exclusively that he appears in that portion of the mythology with which we are now concerned. So considered, he delights in nothing but to do evil. His misdeeds were innumerable. He it was who more than once nearly brought it about that Freya, the most beautiful of the goddesses, should be sent away as the wife of some grim giant. This calamity he was frightened into averting at the last moment, but he finally succeeded in inflicting upon the gods an irreparable loss. By perfidious wiles he caused the death of Baldur, the beautiful, the youngest of the gods, who was dearer to the dwellers in the Valhalla than anything else in the universe. In their grief the gods sent a messenger to plead with Hela, the goddess of the underworld, that as he, like no other who had come into her dominion, had been mourned for throughout all heaven and earth, so he, like no other, might be permitted to pass back to the world of life. Even her heart seemed to relent. She said, "Yes; if the mourning is uni-

versal, I will let him go." So the gods wept and men wept and all nature wept, even the stones were melted to tears. But at the door of a cavern sat an old woman, probably Loki in disguise, who said, "I weep dry tears for Baldur,—neither in life nor in death was he of service to me; let Hela keep her own." Thus Loki made all the passionate pleading of the gods as futile as the anguish of men when they are bereft of their loved ones; Baldur could not come back. Then the long-accumulating wrath of heaven could no longer be withheld from vengeance. Loki's desperate struggles to escape were of no avail. He was chained to a rock and over his head was hung a serpent which moment by moment should let fall upon his face a drop of burning venom. Here he lies through the centuries; but by his side sits his wife, Sigyn, and holds a cup to catch the poison drops as they fall.

In all essentials the picture tells its own story. Loki is tossing himself back and forth in desperate, helpless misery. He turns head away from the serpent with loathing; but the horrible fascination overpowers him, and he gazes upward in mere selfish, abject terror. He has at this moment thrown himself toward Sigyn, so that the serpent, following his very motion, has also thrust his head toward her. Sigyn, whose horror of the serpent is not less than Loki's, has recoiled and raised her left arm in self-defense; but she fixes her eyes unflinchingly—but oh! so piteously—upon the hideous thing, lest she should somehow miss one drop. The heavy bracelets, on her right arm, which remind us of the splendor that she has left behind, must be an encumbrance; but she has not stopped to think how her task may be made easy. Her face expresses no sentimental satisfaction in her sacrifice; she could not think of herself as pursuing any other course; her love makes her one with Loki, so that she can have no life separate from his. So it comes to pass that while Loki is degraded by his vulgar fears into something viler than the serpent, Sigyn's beautiful face wears a look of dignity and calm that gives her a diviner glory than ever she had amid the joys of Asgard.

M. S. C.

To live long it is necessary to live slowly.

Cicero.

HAND TO HAND PHILANTHROPY.

Continued from last week.

A more highly organized product of this same movement towards friendliness and mutual helpfulness between the richly endowed and the unprivileged classes is the University Settlement.

The idea is to send into the barren wastes of the tenement house districts of great cities, colonies of men and women from more privileged lands, to bring within reach of the inhabitants of East London or lower New York, the same incentives to right living which we of happier inheritance and conditions find essential. The first University Settlement was made in White Chapel, East London, in 1884. The house was built and named in memory of a man who had given his life to the people, Mr. Arnold Toynbee, of Oxford. It was built in immediate connection with St. Jude's church, and the rector, Mr. Samuel Barnett, a man long identified with the best forms of work among the poor, was made head worker. Mr. and Mrs. Barnett are people of remarkable personal power, a power whose secret lies in their abiding consciousness of the realities of life. Conventionalities and superficial commonplaces are impossible with them. They brush aside surface talk and, with unerring instinct, speak to the real life and call out the best self. People of large means and high social position, they live in White Chapel that they may bring something of culture, refinement and the higher life to its neglected people. East London offers a most discouraging problem to the philanthropist. Here are 3,000,000 souls, men, women and children, crowded together in miserable tenements, degraded and degrading, a compact mass of misery and crime. West London, where all the wealth, intelligence and refinement is gathered, is divided from East London by the city, by the parks, and by impassible barriers of mutual distrust. Between the two extremes of society, there is a great gulf fixed, Toynbee Hall aims to bring men of culture, of trained faculties and rich experience into helpful contact with the men whose minds are no less starved and pinched than their bodies. Fifteen men are now in residence at Toynbee, University graduates all of them, men who are studying or have business in London and who give to their

neighbors in White Chapel the time which, were they living in West London, they would give to society. Mr. Barnett expresses in his annual report, the fundamental idea of the work, "Organizations are, after all, only machinery of which the driving power is human love. Systems and societies are not a substitute for human service. Money may be generously given and institutions started upon principles approved by science and philanthropy, but still, without the love which passes from man to man, without personal service, there will be failure. Human souls do not obey the law of supply and demand, and they cannot be shaped by machinery. It takes a man to save a man."

A settlement of later date than Toynbee is that of Oxford Hall, also in East London. It follows very much the method adopted by its predecessor, but it is more directly under church influence.

The University women of England have established a colony in Southwark, on the Surry side of the Thames. They have taken a small house, 44 Nelson Square, and have furnished it simply and prettily. On the ground floor are the children's play-room and the Circulating Library; on the first floor, two little reception rooms opening into one another; and on the floor above, private rooms for four residents. The Woman's University Settlement has been in existence for two years. Its primary purpose is to assist in all forms of local work. The residents render efficient service to the public schools; they act as school-board managers and inspectors, gather the younger teachers into reading and lecture classes, and plan holiday amusements and excursions for the children. They serve as local agents for the Flower Mission and Children's Aid Society. They help on the Co-operative Union and various other efforts on the part of the people to help themselves. In a hundred other ways they supplement the meagre resources of the neighborhood.

This method of work was introduced in New York several years ago by Mr. Stanford Coit. But the Neighborhood Guild and the College Settlement in Rivington Street, are familiar to readers of the PRELUDE, and do not need description here.

In September, 1889, a College Settlement was opened in South Halsted Street, Chicago, by Miss Adams and Miss Starr. The following account was written by one personally interested in the work. "These two girls, each college-bred, each unused to the rougher side of life, have rented a house on South Halsted Street, and have made it their home. One gives her entire time and all her modest income to the work; the other, self-supporting, gives what time she can spare. Here they give themselves to their neighbors, meeting them on even terms, calling and receiving calls, helpful, kindly and genuinely interested in their homely well-doing and well-being,—putting to its highest use whatever of tact or skill was to be gained by their contact with the 'uppers.' Here they have organized a reading club of little girls; here they open their drawing room to their new friends, young and old, entertaining them with music and pictures, and with talks and lectures on all manner of subjects. They have made their home the focus for still larger undertakings and have summoned to their aid friends who, unable to leave other homes, can yet give a part of their time.

Hither comes a young girl five days in the week and conducts a kindergarten for little Italian children, who for the most part speak no English. Here soon a kitchen garden will be established. Hither comes a teacher one evening in the week to give drawing lessons. All manner of tastes, capacities and needs of the children are sought out; and a dozen noble girls stand ready to do whatever shall seem worthy of being undertaken. Thus these two girls have made their home a focal point for the spread of beneficient influences."

All college girls must rejoice in this movement towards active service on the part of educated women. Many of us will be able to give direct aid to one or other of these enterprises; all of us can act upon the principle involved, by meeting with friendly helpfulness every needy soul, whether its relation to us be that of servant or saleswoman, newsboy or cabman.

Joy on, joy on, the foot path-way,
And merrily bent the stile—a,
A merry heart goes all the way
Your sad tires in a mile—a.

Shakespeare.

THE SPRING-LOCKED SOULS.

It is a strange thing, this life of ours: there are so many unsolved problems to confront and so much that is a mystery between the solemn dates Born—, Died—.

I know a strange life-story, full of unexplained relations of man to man, of man to woman, of soul to body; a story that to most is two barren facts: Born, Married— ; happily not yet, Died—.

Two, a man and a woman, had just said good-night to each other. With a little wrench and a laugh at her folly, Marian turned her eyes away from the figure which they were following down the street. She knew it so well, the tall straight figure, that the presence was with her still as she stood for a moment under the bright light of the cozy study lamp and absently opened the latest magazine. They were dear friends, these two, as dear as man and woman can be to each other. Marian often wondered which it was, the response of warm young life to physical perfection, or of soul to soul, that bound her to him. She was thinking of it now, but saying to herself softly, with a radiant little blush, "It is both," she turned her attention to the book.

Meanwhile, her beloved was just throwing his coat and hat down on the sofa in his study, with fine masculine contempt of that aggravating little adage "A place for everything and everything in its place." Soon he was in a happy reverie before the cheerful glowing fire. I must confess that a cigar played a prominent part in the picture. We will banish the obnoxious weed from every other department of life, but do let us keep it for the reverie. There never was a masculine day dream in which the artistic effect was not greatly increased by rings of cigar smoke.

Hugh rose to secure a particularly obstreperous window shutter when a bright light, a half a mile or so away, attracted his attention, "I would like to see the old fellow," he said aloud, "That last book was too much for me,—I know he could give me a lift."

Now this young man with all his healthful athletic youth was a student, and more than a superficial one. The study of Theosophy, which had been the fashionable craze the winter past, had claimed his most earnest attention. A friend of his, the one whose study light had called forth the above remark, was his companion in these researches, and the two, united by their search after truth, had become warm friends.

I am inclined to think, however, that the warmth was all on Hugh's side, for a piece of ossified bone is not capable of much affection. His friend was a student, pure and simple, forgetful of other and higher things in life, feeling none of those calls to larger sympathy and action than are to be found within the four walls of a college. Perhaps this is a little severe and is rather what the tendency of his character would ultimately make him, than what he really was, for at this time he was an exceedingly brilliant young man, a little cold perhaps, but a delightful talker, albeit rather prone to a dogmatic manner of giving his very numerous opinions on all matters which came under his contemplation. A thin, rather stoop-shouldered figure and cold grey eyes were all that distinguished him at this time from a room full of other men.

We left Hugh,star,or rather cloud-gazing,a practice not very common to his practical cheery nature, although an adequate cause, maid Marian for example, with her graceful, gracious presence, could arouse in him a world of tenderness and romance.

"It's an awfully disagreeable night—now that I have seen Marian," he thought "And it's a nuisance to put on my coat again. I believe," with a little flash of excitement, "I'll try that last freak of Henry's, and see if there is anything in it. It will be a very convenient thing if I can project this soul of mine whenever I don't want to take a hundred and seventy-five pounds along with me. I could try it on Marian, and starve Tom's wit at my expense, for want of material," and Hugh laughed his hearty good-natured laugh as he thought of the last sardonic joke of Marian's aggravating elder brother.

"But, for that experiment." There was intense application for a long time in the little study, then, for a few minutes stillness; then the life seemed to be gone from the stalwart figure at the book-heaped table, for the soul had flown.

If we could have been in two places at the same time, we would have seen Henry, (Hugh's learned friend) engaged in the same way, and should soon

have observed his body perfectly lifeless while his soul was on its way to Hugh's abode. For the same desire of communication with his friend had come to him, and he, being in the habit of neglecting no practice in this direction, had seized the opportunity of projecting his soul through space.

Thus it happened that the two souls passed each other on the way, and neither recognized the other, being no wiser, alas! without the incumbrance of flesh than men are commonly with it. For after all, as the essence of character is in the soul and not the flesh, when the prayer of so many men is answered and two souls, stripped bare of what enveloped them, stand face to face, they are not altered, and therefore two utterly dissimilar ones must find it just as impossible to understand each other as before—in this world at least. So it happened that these two, who were seeking each other, passed and never knew,—and they thought themselves friends.

Henry, his soul I mean, surveyed the motionless body of his friend. What must life be like, he wondered, in a glorious abode like this? How he could rule the world, he thought, with all his learning and without the penalty he had paid for it, his poor starved body at home. So, having the opportunity that so many of us long for in vain, of exchanging forms with some more favored mortal, without the power to resist the impulse which a more unselfish man would have had,—for his solitary scholar's life had taught him no consideration for others,—he usurped another man's kingdom; his soul and Hugh's body were one;—one in appearance only, however, for there was some strange lack of harmony between the two. Life seemed unreal, the two discordant elements failed to unite and do their work. He tried to read, his brain would not work; he went forth into the street, for it was now morning, he fancied people looked at him strangely,—indeed they did miss Hugh's genial greeting. All was discordant, he was ill at ease, nay even unhappy. Have you not met some people whose souls and bodies were not on friendly terms? The old Puritans were certainly in this state, else why did they treat those poor bodies of theirs so cruelly? they were surely trying to reduce them to subjection.

But to return to Henry. His former method of life did not give him the same calm pleasure as formerly, everything was at cross purposes; in short, Henry was miserable and very soon repented of his rash act. He longed for his old tenement; wondered what had become of it; tried to return; and found, alas! that for some mysterious reason, the same process would not free his soul from the body as before. He became alarmed; struggled with himself, all to no purpose; his power was gone. His despair was terrible. He would have given his life to return to his old body just to die in it, but, unfortunately, he had lost the power of concentration of thought necessary to effect the projection, because of the lack of unity between soul and body.

Poor Henry, he was to be pitied, but what shall we say of our brave bright Hugh, placed in a miserable position by no fault of his own, with more at stake than Henry, in his poor dwarfed life, could dream of? When Hugh saw his friend's inanimate form he realized the situation, and, naturally enough, glanced back again. That word "glanced" is the only one I can think of appropriate to the motive of a soul—flying is too natural a term,—they should move, when unimpeded by the flesh, in a direct, unfaltering course, similar to no motion that our dull gross materials can produce. Sometimes, alas! they waver; sometimes move in contorted paths; sometimes are fast; sometimes slow; but the soul of a brave true man or woman should move as did Hugh's on that eventful night.

Margurita Spalding, '91.

(*Continued in our next issue.*)

A NEW YEAR'S SONG.

A dim form waiteth at the door;—
Welcome sweet New Year, come once more;
  Show me thy face beneath thy veil.
  Hope shines before, but in thy trail
    A shadow lies.
The old year's failures darken my eyes,
The old year's doubts in my breast arise;—
  I fain would see thee smiling.

The white day from the dark is born;
Gray mist riseth with the morn;
  But the sun comes, and where is night?
  The sky is blue, and the clouds are bright;—
    I do not shrink,
New Year, from the wine thou bidst me drink;
Love fills the cup, I needs must think;
    And I know thy face is smiling.

Kent Dunlap, '90.

FOREIGN LETTER.

82 Kobinato Suidocho.

Koishi Kawa, Tokio. Nov. 23, 1889.

Dear Wellesley College Friends:

I now write to you from the opposite side of the ocean, while just this time last year I was with you, and had been sharing both labor and pleasure.

When I reached home I did not write to you at once, as I expected to do, but I thought I would wait till September, when you would all be back at the College after the vacation. Now I find that I have waited too long, and it may sound funny if I write you of my voyage, but faithful to my promise to some of you, I will give a brief account of it.

When I passed through Wellesley on the car for New York, and the last glimpse of the Wellesley College vanished from my view, I felt so lonely thinking that I am leaving the College with kind instructors and dear friends in it. I bade farewell to all, within my heart, and wished that this may not be the last to see you.

In New York my friend found for me good company, two Japanese who were going home, and I had a very pleasant journey all the way through.

Instead of going by way of San Francisco we took the Canadian route and sailed from Vancouver on the 31st of May, 1889 (too ancient to mention it.)

Some of you wished me to let you know if I were sea-sick or not. Alas! I was for three days, but I comforted myself seeing that the doctor of the steamer, who gave me a great many directions to prevent the sea-sickness, was himself sick. He said that he crossed the Pacific Ocean eighteen times, and he would get sea-sick every time.

There were only four passengers including us three, and the weather being cold and rainy, we had pretty dull time during the first part of the voyage. All we had to do was eating (six meals a day) and nothing else.

But when the sun peeped out, the whole aspect seemed to be changed. One bright morning I was called to the deck, and to my delight saw the Steamer Parthia bound for America. When she approached she lowered her flag and blew her whistle and exchanged salutation. It was so pleasant and I felt as though I had met some friend on the mid-ocean, especially as she came from the shore of my beloved country. I could not help hoping I could get on board Parthia, and turn back and see my American friends again. Such was our idle desire, and we watched till she sunk in the horizon.

There were "mock-fire and wreck." They were to give practice to the sailors. It was amusing to see Chinese sailors running up and down the deck with pails of water, or pumping, or lowering the life-boat, shouting "Shioza." These broke the lazy monotonous time we were having.

Then we had some games on deck, and puzzled our heads by riddles and puzzles. I teased my friends for stories, and we tried to enjoy ourselves as much as we could.

The steamer arrived at Yokohama harbor on the 18th of June. The waves being very rough, we could not get ashore that day.

The next morning when I was still in my berth, my heart leaped on hearing my father's familiar voice outside my cabin. I jumped out of my berth and called to him, "Father, here I am." He rushed into my room. Thus father and I met after my three years' absence from home.

It was unexpected to me that my father should come on board, I was then thinking of telegraphing to him as soon as I got ashore to come to Tokio station for me, but he with some of my relatives were staying in Yokohama for four days, waiting for the arrival of the steamer, and he came on the steam-boat as soon as the day dawned.

As soon as we landed we found the jiurikisha (a small carriage drawn by a man) waiting for us, and we drove to the hotel where we satisfied our food-sick which we felt on board the steamer. I can assure you that the pure Japanese breakfast was great luxury to me.

We took a car for Tokio, and in forty minutes found ourselves at Tokio Depot, where I found several of my friends waiting for me. I took the carriage and at last arrived home.

None but those who have experienced it can form any idea of my delight when I embraced my dear old grandmother, who is seventy-seven years of age.

My work began from the 10th of September, and I am very busy teaching in the High Normal School. High School and the Kindergarten are attached to the former.

I am learning to be short, as I know that long stories, long essays, long exhortations and long prayers seldom profit those who have to do with them. Yet I failed to be short, and I found my letter already too long, so I shall have to stop here.

With best wishes I remain,

Yours sincerely,

Kin Kato.

"Nothing can be truer than fairy wisdom. It is as true as sunbeams."—*Douglas Jerrold.*

THE WEEK.

On Thursday, Jan. 31, the Day of Prayer for Colleges, the order of Sunday was observed. Rev. B. Fay Mills, the well-known evangelist, preached in the morning at eleven o'clock. His text was 2 Cor. 8:5; "But first they gave their own selves to the Lord." At half-past three in the afternoon a service was held, when Mr. Mills answered whatever questions anyone chose to write on slips of paper handed about for the purpose.

On Sunday, Feb. 2, Dr. D. O. Mears, of Worcester, preached from the text John 3:9; "Nicodemus answered and said unto him, 'How can these things be?'" After the service the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper was administered.

* * *

The regular January meeting of the Microscopical and Scientific Society was held in Stone Hall parlor on Saturday evening, Jan. 25. Before the papers on the program were announced, reports of plans for work in subsections were made. The members of the society propose to go "star-gazing," bird-nesting, or in search of lichens and "fairy-cupped, elf-needled mats of moss," during the winter, each subsection being in charge of an efficient leader. The paper by Miss Vinnie J. Libby, on the History of Science among the Ancients, renewed the curious theories of Aristotle and the ludicrous errors of the old philosophers. Mrs. Kate Wilson read a thoroughly scientific paper on the Kingdom of Nature, in which the vegetable and animal kingdoms were contrasted and the principles of classification in each were carefully presented. The Story of the Discovery of the Circulation of the Blood was told by Miss Emily J. Brown. This paper showed how truth is gained point by point and how the acceptance of it is often attended with violent opposition. A recent gift of a set of microscopic slides, from Mr. Griffiths, of New York, will be exhibited at the next meeting.

* * *

"Action and reaction are equal and opposite in direction" has been so impressed upon the Junior mind as to produce practical results. The Freshmen also seem to have realized this truth without the aid of Physics. For on Wednesday evening, Jan. 29, at Stone Hall, the Freshman I. F's., on the third floor, and a party of Juniors in the parlor, found relief from the strain of examinations in cobweb parties. In the parlor, chairs and sofas were wound up in a bewildering network of bright colored string, and festoons were spun about the fire-place, and from the mantel to the windows. When the guests began to wind up the various balls assigned them, in some unaccountable way all the strings seemed to go under the centre table, where extrication was rendered difficult by the limited nature of the space in which a number of people were employed on the same snarl, the darkness, and the intricacies of the carving in which the string was wound. Once emerged from under that fatal table, progress, though slow, was somewhat surer. Sometimes the removal of a pin would simplify matters wonderfully, but if there was danger of the task becoming too easy, a succession of hard knots restored equilibrium. But, to the end of each string, whethre behind a picture, or tightly encased in a rolled-up pair of stockings in the lower bureau drawer of some room down the hall, was attached a souvenir, with a conundrum to discuss over the dainty refreshments, charmingly served by the hostesses.

* * *

On Saturday afternoon, Feb. 1, Prof. Frederic D. Allen of Harvard delivered an entertaining and interesting lecture, the fourth in the Greek Literature course. His subject was "Euripides and Aristophanes." Prof. Allen introduced Euripides by contrasting his career with that of his contemporary Sophocles. Sophocles was notably successful in his age, Euripides eminently unsuccessful. Half the people hated Euripides. The comedy-writers made fun of him. But from fifty to two hundred years later the name of Euripides was the greatest in Greek tragedy. He represented Greek tragedy to the Greeks almost as well as Shakespeare represents English tragedy to us. There were reasons for this growth in popularity. It was a period of rapid change at Athens. There were two classes of people, a conservative class and a younger set. Euripides belonged to the new school. He was ahead of his age. He met the case of the next century exactly. Eighteen of his plays, one-fifth of what he wrote, are preserved wholly or in part. Euripides made some innovations in the form of the drama. His weak point is poor arrangement of plots. He made use of the prologue in opening his plays, and of the god in winding them up. However tragic may be their general characteristics, his plays have happy endings. His character drawing is uneven. His best characters are women. His personages engage in long argumentations. His plays are full of aphorisms. He makes his characters express pantheistic and atheistic doctrines. His plays exhibit no strong ethical feeling. Eunipides did not rely so much on a good

plot as on peculiar situations and dramatic effect. His diction is pure. He never fails to express himself beautifully. In his tragedies there is a letting-down from the lofty tone of Aeschylus and Sophocles. The secret of his power lay in representing men as they were. His tragedies read more like modern plays. Prof. Allen concluded his treatment of the tragedy by sketching a play of Aeschylus, one of Sophocles and one of Euripides, on the same subject, Electra. The plays of Aeschylus and Sophocles are much alike. Euripides strove to outdo them and introduced some striking scenes. There were three periods of Greek Comedy, the Old, in the fifth century; the New, in the Macedonian period; and the Middle, between the two others. The productions of the Middle and New periods are entirely lost. The Old comedy was extravagant and burlesque. The latter part of this period is represented to us by eleven plays by Aristophanes, one of the best writers. Aristophanes wrote some exceedingly funny plays. He had an immense talent for the comical and was skilful in devising comic situations. He exhibited great courage in using his satire, boldly lashing the political characters of his day. He directed one satire, the *Clouds* against Socrates. Euripides was his constant butt. The *Frogs* and the *Thesmoriazusae* are his best plays. His comedies have a fundamental idea, but little involved sermonizing. Aristophanes used his satire as a weapon, and he used it skilfully.

* * *

MONDAY afternoon, Feb. 3, at two o'clock a number of masqued figures in dominoes were to be seen making their way from various parts of the College grounds, as well as through the corridors of the Main Building, to Gymnasium Hall. There they had been summoned by the members of Miss Alice Jackson's lunch table, to take part in a german, and thus remove conditions in social athletics incurred by them during the recent examinations; the masques and dominoes being a provision advised by the committee, in order to prevent embarrassment and baffle identity. One by one the masquers were conducted through the gymnasium office, where they gave their full names, and were given in turn badges of Wellesley blue, numbered so that the partners were able to know each other during the first part of the afternoon. There were dominoes of all shapes, sizes, and colors; blue, pink, red, green, yellow, lavender, black and white; there were high voices, and there were low voices, and there were no voices at all, and of course there were all manner of amusing mistakes. When the time for unmasquing arrived, the ladies formed a ring in the centre of the Hall, and those who had kindly volunteered to make up as best they could for the absence of the other sex, made another ring outside. The two rings whirled around back to back, till at a note from the whistle, there was a sudden tearing aside of masques, and a display of flushed faces and tumbled heads which caused a retreat to the dressing-room. There was a pause in the dance while refreshments were served, and then the gilded plates were hung on the pretty gowns, and dancing continued till nearly six o'clock, when the dearth of chairs in the dining-room was made known, and the befavored maidens departed unconditioned.

* * *

ON Monday evening, Feb. 3, a large audience assembled to hear Mrs. Jenness Miller on the subject of "Dress Reform," or "Dress Improvement," Mrs. Miller terms it; for she naïvely says everyone is willing to be improved, but none wish to be reformed. Woman's natural desire to make herself as attractive and beautiful as possible is legitimate and laudable; it is even a duty, and should be encouraged rather than decried. Mrs. Miller pleads for reform, not of aim, but of the means used in carrying out the aim. In reviewing the past, and even the present, she showed how the true aim has been defeated by the false means. Grace, symmetry, repose, the fulfilment of the ideal intended are all essentials of beauty; and unless dress embody these principles, the desired result is impossible. The principles of hygiene and art have long been thought incompatible; and the latter, taking the precedence as most imperative, has demanded the sacrifice of every other consideration, resulting in the sacrifice of the object itself. Instead, then, of foregoing the hygienic dress to the artistic, or the artistic to the hygienic, as the case may be, the two should not be separated; or, more truly, cannot be separated and the object of either secured. Mrs. Miller made her principles practical by numerous illustrations, appearing in costumes of various materials, suitable for various occasions, showing how the same fundamental principles can be preserved and the needs of all occasions met. An appeal was made also to the moral phase of the question. Indeed, this word was made to cover every phase. To live properly and to work properly we must dress properly. Perfect adjustment secures strength, freedom of action, harmony, grace. Mrs. Miller speaks from years of careful study, observation and experience, and is no mere theorist. The lecture was earnest, full of wit and flashes of well-pointed sarcasm.

AULD ACQUAINTANCE.

New York Association of Collegiate Alumnae.

Whereas: It has pleased Almighty God to remove from our midst our beloved associate, Louise Penfield Langford, of the class of 1883, Wellesley College;

And Whereas: The deceased, one of the founders of this association and its first treasurer, had won the respect of all by her earnest devotion to her life work, her unvarying courtesy, her self denial and her Christian character:

Resolved: That we, the members of the New York Association of Collegiate Alumnae, do hereby formally express the grief which we feel in the loss of a companion endeared to us all by her noble qualities.

Resolved: That we tender to the family and friends of the deceased our profound sympathy in their bereavement.

Resolved: That these resolutions be communicated to the family of our departed associate, to our general Association, and to its several branches, and that they be inserted in the Wellesley College publication.

Winifred Edgerton Merrill, Wellesley, '83.
Elizabeth Raeburn Hoy, Vassar, '87.
Alice Williams, Michigan, '76.
Memorial Committee.

New York City, Jan. 20. 1890.

IN MEMORIAM.

Louise Penfield Langford, '83.

Louise Penfield Langford was born in Utica, N. Y., Nov. 19, 1861. Her earliest years were spent in Minnesota; in 1869 she came with her widowed mother to Catskill. N. Y., where they since have made their home.

In Sept. 1877, Miss Langford entered the preparatory department of Wellesley College where she continued her studies until she completed her course in '83.

The life so recently closed does not need a memorial to perpetuate its memory. The light of moral and intellectual excellence that shone so brightly and steadily was too luminous to be forgotten, yet it was too rare and beautiful to be passed without recognition. Miss Langford was by nature so shy and modest that she sought few friends, but those whom she made, she clung to tenaciously and when the circle of her intimacies was completed, she did not seek to enlarge it.

Totally devoid of pride or assumption, though her mind was stored with thoughts on subjects discussed by thinking men, she was more ready to listen than to speak. Her quiet temperament, her earnestness and purity of mind, her lofty aspirations after whatsoever things were true, honest, just, pure, lovely, and of good report, in short her eager thirst for moral and intellectual improvment, rendered her a most interesting companion. Progress was her watchword, improvement her aim. Since leaving college her studies were pursued in the line of political science and in the near future she would have taken the degree of Ph. D.

Miss Langford was particularly loyal to the College and had its interests much at heart. She was a member of the Norumbega Committee and was most instrumental in raising funds. Only those who were with her realized the time and thought she gave to the accomplishment of the work assumed by the alumnæ.

She could bear what Dr. Bushnell says is the severest test of a character, "to endure without faltering the little common ills and hindrances of life."

Her health was never vigorous and for months she was under the doctor's care who prescribed rest and quiet as nervous prostration was imminent. She continued her teaching, however, until December, when she was confined to her bed. Even in this last sickness she remembered her friends and sent Christmas greetings, making light of her illness which was daily growing more serious.

Her life was eminent in its measure of unselfishness and beautiful in its devoted ministry of love and service to the comfort and happiness of others. All who came within the circle of her influence recognized the cheerful and self-sacrificing spirit which directed and controlled all her work.

Having been requested to contribute something on the character of so strong a woman, I could not in justice either to the living or the dead refuse, even though the contribution be incomplete, but there will be some to whom these remembrances will speak with touching truth. "She lived in the presence of God here and passing through the grave and gate of death, now liveth unto God forever more."

Mary M. DeVerry, '83.

COLLEGE NOTES.

Miss Jennie Kenny has left College on account of ill health.

The Rev. Mr. Mills held a series of meetings in the village church from Thursday, Jan. 30, to the following Monday. Very many of the students took advantage of the special opportunities offered.

The leader in this number is on Freedom of the Press. The subject is one which has been considerably discussed by the students and there is a great deal to say, certainly on one side of the question. It would be a good thing if girls that are interested would write articles showing their feeling in regard to the matter. The world is ruled by public opinion, why should not the Prelude be.

INTER-COLLEGIATE NEWS.

DARTMOUTH published the first college paper in America, viz , *The Gazette*, in 1800, famous for possessing Daniel Webster among its contributors.

PROFESSOR J. T. Platt, of the Yale Law School, died suddenly a few days ago of paralysis. He was on his way to a recitation when he was stricken down.

THE Greek play which Prof. J. W. White hopes to bring out next year at Harvard is "The Birds of Aristophanes." Prof. White has received encouragement in his project from some members of the Board of Overseers.

THE College of Montana at Deer Lodge is the only college in this new State. It is six years old, and has an enrollment of 150 students. It has three handsome college buildings, and a debt of $25,000, which the trustees are making a great effort to discharge, as well as to secure a permanent endowment.—*Ex.*

AT a recent meeting of the Yale corporation it was formally voted to establish a department of music in the university, with Gustavus G. Stoeckel, for many years Yale's instructor of music, at its head. A fund of nearly $300,000 has been placed at the disposal of the corporation with which to erect a suitable building and provide for the employment of several instructors.

ANNOUNCEMENT was recently made that a new scholarship, to be called the Scott-Hurrt Scholarship, had been presented to Yale University. The scholarship, which is the income each year of $5,000, is to be divided between two students, a Junior and a Senior, and is to be conferred for intelligent industry and approved scholarship without any specific competitive examination.

SOME eight months ago, Mr. J. D. Rockefeller of New York organized the project of a university in Chicago. He at once communicated with the American Baptist Educational society to the effect that he would donate $600,000 as a nucleus for a college endowment fund under the conditions that the money should not be used for purchasing a site or erecting buildings, but that the income should be used to defray current expenses. He also stipulated that $400,000 additional should be raised for general purposes. Mr. Marshall Field has given ten acres of land for the site of the university. The money necessary is being rapidly raised, and it is thought that the buildings will soon be erected.

OUR OUTLOOK.

There are now two hundred women studying medicine in the various universities and medical colleges of India.

Mrs. Chauncey M. Depew proposes a Woman's Loan Exhibition as one of the attractions of the World's Fair in 1892.

Miss M. H. Mason has served as poor-law inspector since 1885, and travels from one end of England to the other, visiting boarded-out children.

The King's Daughters of Atlanta, Ga., support a free hospital in that city. It has been open a little more than a year, and has accommodated 125 patients.

A Brooklyn woman who has been an invalid nearly all her life, is vice president of a manufacturing company which makes and deals in goods designed for the comfort of sick people. All the meetings of the company are held in her darkened room, which she has not left for twenty-three years.

The Reformatory Prison for Women at Sherborn, Mass., shows, the commissioners say, receipts for labor considerably in excess of the amount received last year. This is owing to the careful supervision of the superintendent, Mrs. Johnson, who has the industries of the prison thoroughly organized in such a manner as constantly to increase the proceeds.

The state of Maine has five hundred organized towns and plantations. In sixty-one of these, women are serving on school boards, either as supervisors or members of a committee of three. In thirty-one of the sixty-one towns women serve as supervisors, thus having the whole management of the schools. Brewer is the only city whose supervisor is a woman.

Miss Ada C. Sweet, of Chicago, who made so enviable a record as Pension Agent (having disbursed annually between five and six million dollars, and accounted for every farthing of it), has lately introduced an ambulance system into that city. She collected from her friends money enough to build one ambulance, and presented it to the city. The result has been the establishment of an ambulance corps, admirably equipped, and already of great use.

Miss Ferguson, a graduate of Mt. Holyoke, went to Wellington, in the Western Province of Cape Colony, fifteen years ago, to found a school for girls. The result is a Huguenot Seminary, with a corps of nineteen teachers, mostly Americans, and 225 pupils, mostly of Dutch parentage; with large buildings and grounds, an observatory and telescope, and excellent appliances in all the departments. As principal of this seminary, Miss Ferguson has extended the influence of Mary Lyon's work for the better education of women over a considerable portion of the Cape.

WABAN RIPPLES.

SOME History of Art note books which were recently examined contained the following surprising statements.

"Westminster Cathedral is large for its age."

"Henry Seventh's Chapel took the place of the old Ladies' Chapel."

The decorations of a certain building were scenes from the apocalypse. One note book said "scenes from the acropolis," another "scenes from the apocrypha."

In describing the church of St. Elizabeth, one student writes: "St. Elizabeth died at a good old age—was 208 ft. long—showing distinctly national features—had three apses."

THE Wellesley girls are said to want a college cry. Very natural; there is nothing a woman enjoys more than a good cry.—*Boston Bulletin.*

ENTHUSIASTIC INSTRUCTOR: I will not take time to call the roll to-day, but those who are absent will please hand me their excuses immediately.

"WELL," she remarked, as she came into the History examination with five artistically sharpened pencils, "I have five points in History any way."

MOURNFUL JUNIOR: I just know I haven't passed my Bible exam, but in spite of all the prophets I've had this fall, I don't feel a bit more cheerful over my prospective losses.

ZOOLOGY, at least, is a sympathetic Science, or why should Specimen Frog have swallowed Specimen Leech just a few hours before Zoology Examination at which entertainment Mr. Leech was engaged to make his first appearance? For many days Messrs. Frog and Leech had lived in the same glass house, on amicable terms; but not until Examination day did Mr. F— decide to make Mr. L— a bosom companion. Alas for Mr. F—! a short time before Examination, the Zoological Department discovered that the twain had become one; Mr. F— was whisked into that dread abode of bottles from which a tiny draught makes life too light to be worth the living. In short, the physical power of the Zoological Department determined the "Survival of the Fittest" and Mr. Leech came forth, but not exulting, to meet his previous engagement. Whether Mr. Frog's sympathy was for the students, to detain Mr. L— from tantalizing them, or for Mr. L—, to keep the students from tantalizing him is a question that must ever remain an open one, since Mr. F— alone could answer it.

MAGAZINES AND REVIEWS.

Harper's for February is a feast so varied as to attract all tastes. General Wolseley opens the number with a thorough review of the military system of Great Britain, dealing in detail with the faults and merits of the standing army as an institution.—The story of the eventful life of Benvenuto Cellini, the sculptor, is interestingly told by Elizabeth Wormeley Latimer.—Howard Pyle charmingly illustrates his second paper on "Jamaica, New and Old."—S. H. M. Byers takes us two thousand years and more into the past, to introduce to us "The Lake Dwellers of Switzerland."—Glimpses of "how an inventor invents" are given by George Parsons Lathrop in "Talks with Edison."—Under the title "A Majestic Literary Fossil," Mark Twain gives us in his own racy way a lively and pointed survey of this generation's progress in medical science.—Admirers of De Quincey will welcome James Hogg's Reminiscences of him.—Of the fiction in this number, Hjalmar H. Boyesen's "A Platonic Affair" is a bright little romance, while Brander Matthews' sketch, "The Twenty-Ninth of February," is sombrely realistic.

The Contemporary Review for January opens with an article on "Two New Utopias." After brief accounts of different Utopian ideals, Bellamy's book is considered. In conclusion the writer adds, "as for Mr. Bellamy's dream, it will, I fear, remain always a Utopia, unless man's heart be entirely transformed."—Stopford Brooke's article on Robert Browning should be read by all. The history of poetry and of Browning's own development is traced in his first poem "Pauline," because "out of the same quarry from which 'Pauline' was hewn, were hewn all the rest. The interest of this early poem is that the blocks are of similar shape to those which were afterwards used, and of the same stuff." Mr. Brooke characterizes Browning's individuality as "creative and therefore joyful, receptive and therefore thoughtful, at one with humanity and therefore loving, aspiring to God and therefore steeped to the lips in radiant hope; at one with the past, passionate with the present, and possessing by faith an endless and glorious future."—J. Scott Keltie gives an account of "What Stanley has done for the map of Africa."—The contrasts between "The Home Rule Movement in India and Ireland" are presented by a Bengal Magistrate.—Andrew Lang has an appreciative article on Mr. Wilkie Collins' Novels."—M. G. Mulhall, for twenty-five years a resident of South America, writes of "Brazil, Past and Future," stating his belief that Brazil will probably hold together.—"The Latest Theories on the Origin of the English" are reduced to this interesting statement: "we are not really ourselves, but somebody else; only at some stage of our life we fell in with ingenious school masters, who cunningly persuaded us that we were ourselves."—Other articles are "The Unfaithful Steward," "Profit Sharing," by Prof. F. Shield Nicholson, and an attractive little sketch "A Lumber Room," by Michael Field.

BOOK REVIEWS.

Exercises in Latin Composition. Part II. Based upon Cicero's Catiline, I.-II., and Archias. By M. Grant Daniell, A. M., Principal of Chauncey Hall School, Boston. Boston and New York: Leach, Shewell, and Sanborn. This volume of exercises, written and oral, based upon Cicero, is intended to follow the volume upon Cæsar noticed in a previous issue of this paper. We may say of Part II. as of Part I., the exercises are consecutive, and not of the fragmentary nature so common in works of this class; and they seem to strike the golden mean, of sufficient adherence to the original to make the student observant and interested in his reading, while throwing him upon his wit and intelligence for the weaving of his sentence. The idioms and phrases—words too—he gets from his author; but the sentence he composes himself; so that in a good sense, and to a desirable degree he is becoming acquainted with Cicero and Latin composition.

Rudimentary Psychology for Schools and Colleges. By Prof. G. M. Steele, Principal of Wesleyan Academy, Wilbraham, Mass. Boston and New York: Leach, Shewell, and Sanborn. This book will be welcomed by all who are interested in the teaching or study of elementary mental science. The subject as here treated does not become confused in the learner's mind with all sorts of unsolvable problems. Of these, the author gives simple statements, and then clearly defines his own position which is in the main that of Hopkins, of Hamilton and of Reid. The style of the book is entertaining, and for convenience in form, including chapter divisions, paragraph headings and thorough table of contents, we have not seen its equal in so small a work. If criticism were made it might be said that the simplicity that pervades the whole work does not manifest itself quite so fully in the first pages, the "Introductory" and "Perception" chapters. But it may be questioned if any other author has made them more simple. The book is designed for a single term's study with daily recitations, and was suggested by the felt need in the author's own class room work. It may also prove helpful to individual students beginning Philosophy, since the book explains itself and gives a point *ex quo* for further investigation. The wise teacher will not confine herself to this text-book, but will supplement the interest by questions of introspection and speculation, and quicken and increase the desire of further progress in Psychology awakened by the study of this little work.

King's Handbook of the United States. Edited by M. F. Sweetzer. Boston: Moses King Corporation. This book now far advanced in preparation, with its 700 pages of reading, 51 full-page maps in three colors, and 2146 new pictures, is to appear in a first edition of 100,000 copies (besides the editions in German, French, and Spanish.) These clossal numbers of volumes give the work a national character and value, quite aside from its commercial value. And it is gratifying to learn that the editor, Mr. M. F. Sweetser (who now has a great part of the text written,) has received many applications from distinguished men in various States, asking permission to read and correct the accounts of their respective localities. He has therefore deemed it expedient to divide the vast mass of manuscript into sections, sending them to well-known scholars and public men in each State and locality, for correction, revision, and enrichment with local color and feeling. The value of the Handbook will be greatly increased by this sagacious and wide-reaching scheme, which will insure a much closer approach to accuracy, a better proportion of subjects, and a more delightful and entertaining local *touch*. How rich will be the result when the book is retouched in this noble way; Georgia by Joel Chandler Harris, Alaska by Ivan Petroff, the Sierra Nevada by Clarence King, Iowa by Justice Harlan, Louisiana by George W. Cable, Delaware by Watson Sperry, Cornell University by Andrew D. White, Connecticut by "Ike Marvel," the Metropolitan Museum of Art by Gen di Cesnola, and so on with every interesting locality and institution in the United States. Some of the above named gentlemen have already engaged to do their parts. A book made up in this way must be full of thrill and fervor, and free from the perfunctory coldness of encyclopædic articles. It must be valuable, because corrected by competent persons in each locality. It must be interesting, because infused with powerful local color. It is to be practically almost a series of monographs, on a thousand themes of national interest, by hundreds of leading Americans.

NEW BOOKS IN THE COLLEGE LIBRARY.

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Correspondence. Goethe and Carlyle. Edited by Norton.

Memorials of Keith Falconer. By Robert Sinker.